

# The Best Day Ever

by Bubblebunny200

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Summary: Hello everyone, this is my first fanfiction! It's just a short story about a day with Hiccup and Toothless told from Toothless's point of view. If you like friendship stories that make you smile, read this! :) -Bubblebunny200

## The Best Day Ever

Hello, my name is Toothless. I'm the only known Night Fury in the land of Berk with beautiful black scales and shimmering green eyes. My story is even more brilliant than my appearance, but I'm sure you all know it because since the battle with the Red Death, I, along with my best friend Hiccup, has become a legend. Now that we've finished the introductions, lets get on with the story.

I opened my eyes as my ears tuned in, for I had just heard the soft ringing of a device Hiccup invented to wake us up in the morning. He can be remarkable really, in terms of his talent for inventing- it's hard to believe anyone ever bullied him due to how incredibly skilled and smart he is. It was approximately 5:30 in the morning so the sky out the window was still a shady indigo with tiny slivers of purples and pinks just at the base of the horizon beyond the sea which surrounded our territory. I looked up at Hiccup tucked under his blankets on his bed, sound asleep. His burgundy red comforter slowly rose and fell with his breath, 'not for long' I thought.

I pushed my sleek black body up from my plush nest of sheep wool and goose down that keeps me warm and cozy throughout the night, and gently nudged Hiccup's face with mine. His eyes slowly flickered open as he wearily propped himself up in his bed and turned his head towards me. "Hey Toothless," he whispered, as he tried to snap himself out of his deep slumber. I looked up at him with mooney eyes, cocked my head to the side (for the sake of looking cute) and made a small noise in return, as if to say "good morning". Even though I can't speak, Hiccup can understand me. That's one thing I love about our friendship.

Hiccup pulled his blankets to the side and sat up, preparing to get himself out of bed although I could tell he desperately didn't want to. He pulled on his boot and set his foot on the floor. Then came the prosthetic foot Gobber had made for him. It had been almost a month since he got it, yet he's still struggling to get used to it. I always struggle to look at it, for I blame myself for not being able to protect him better. Hiccup tells me it's not my fault, he even believes it himself. But if I had tried harder I probably could've saved all of him.

Hiccup rubbed his eyes and yawned, and reluctantly pushed himself out of bed. He put his riding harness on and grabbed my saddle. Then he grabbed a weaved basket filled with fish for me, a sandwich for him, and a satchel of water for both of us. I dashed to the door before he was finished and held it open, I really should wait for him but I can't- I'm too excited. I've been waiting all week for today. Today is my day with Hiccup.

Most of you will wonder why this is such an event for me, because all of you think I'm with him every second of every day. Well I am, but today we get to be alone. Just the two of us. No one else.

Hiccup stumbles out the door, half because he's still extremely tired and half because he's still learning how to use his prosthetic leg. I flick my tail out in front of him to provide him with something to help maintain his balance. "Thanks buddy," he says. He makes his way around my side and hops onto my back. He locks his prosthetic leg into place and we're off, soaring high into the sky.

Now we're just above the sea, and I notice Hiccup is still yawning. I swoop down towards the waters surface, and just as Hiccup realizes what I'm about to do, it's too late. He clings to my back as I dive deep enough into the still dark ocean for Hiccup's entire body to be drenched, and glide back above the surface once I feel Hiccup is wet enough to be fully awake. "Pleasant way to start the day," Hiccup remarks, which makes me smirk.

I rocket up into the puffy clouds, full of the water that will soon become morning dew. I twirl and flip through the air without a care in the world, because I know Hiccup trusts me enough to keep him safe, and he enjoys this almost as much as I do. We shoot through the cotton candy sky as we search for a place to land for the day. I hope to find a small and private island surrounded by slippery stones and crystal clear water, with fluffy green grass and the sun right above head. That way Hiccup and I can swim, and maybe catch some fish.

Hiccup softly pats me on the head and I look up at him, feeling warm from my best friend that I care so much about's gentle touch. I see him point towards a small landmass with a diameter of about 500 feet. I scan the area. It's perfect. I spread my wings as far as they'll go to slow us down, and take a few running steps as we land on the ground to keep us from falling over. Hiccup grabs the basket and slides off of his saddle, which he then takes off and sets beside the basket, which he has propped up against a pale gray rock full of holes and crevices.

'We're here we're here, we're finally here!' I think, as I let out a growl of happiness and dive into the water below. "Hey, wait for me!"

Hiccup exclaims, as he removes his riding vest, shirt, and boot. He tosses them behind himself and takes a running leap for the water below. He lands with a small splash, perhaps a tenth of the size of mine. I use my tail fin to produce a small wave that hits Hiccup in the face and forces him beneath the surface. I let out a long dragon laugh as he comes back to the surface, giggling and shaking the water from his hair at me.

The minuscule droplets fall on my face in small glimmering beads. Hiccup takes advantage of the fact that I took my attention off of him to study the water droplets to force water forwards with his hands that splashes me and soaks all of my facial scales. I dive under him and force him upward with my head. He's bounced into the air and then returns to the sea with a big splash. That gives me another idea.

I fly a ways up and come plummeting down towards Hiccup, and grab him around the waist with my forearms. I fly about 43 feet above the surface and find a spot in the ocean that's deep. "Toothless what're you-" Hiccup begins but is cut off by his own yell when I drop him. As he falls he grabs his knees and pulls them close to his chest, and creates a massive splash as he hits the water. He stays underneath for a few moments but soon resurfaces, and when he does he looks up at me and yells, "You're going to get what's coming to you for that!" But I know he's not serious, because of the beaming smile on his face.

I swoop down again and pick him up, this time gently settling him down on our small island. I land beside him and trot over to the basket containing all the food- I'm hungry now. I push it over so the lid falls off and the food spills out. Hiccup grabs his sandwich and the water and begins to eat. Though his food is a thousand times smaller than mine, I'm still finished a good three minutes before he is. He takes a sip of the water and then walks over to me with the satchel. I open my mouth and he empties the rest of the water into my mouth. I swallow and smile at him. I learned how to smile the day I began trusting him. He smiles back and scratches me under the neck in my favorite spot, which causes me to collapse it feels so good.

Hiccup grabs his shirt from the ground and slides it on over his head. He lays down beside me in a fluffy bed of overgrown grass and sprawls out his arms comfortably. I scoot closer to him and rest my head on his chest. I look deep into his eyes and he looks into mine. I think about how nice this is- lying here with the morning sun beating down on my scales, a soft breeze swaying back and forth, lying here with my best friend. I love him as if he was my brother, and think about how I need to protect him at all costs. I may as well just kill myself if anything were ever to happen to Hiccup.

I close my eyes and go limp, allowing myself to relax and any fear or worries to be swept away with the wind. My head lightly rises and falls with every breath Hiccup takes. I can hear his heart beating quickly and quietly beneath me, and confirm with myself that today really is the best day ever.

End  
file.